

The grey horse wasn't even ready to receive. How could this go on? He set the wedding for 15th April, but trees weren't going to be brazen by then. It had no bearing on the ostrich though.

Fortunes were a'changing, and the potatoes were ripe enough to be shouted at. Mary hadn't even begun to think about cushions, yet she was to produce a whole load in less than a month - a task not worth thinking about. Could it be done? The man on the TV didn't think so. He'd bought seventeen packets of chicken flavoured wood shavings just last week, and his hair was the colour of an aubergine, so his opinion was not valid.

As the rain splashed against the window, a cuckoo clock chimed beyond the masses. It filtered through the intense burning of his love, until it reached a creek, where it set aside four chairs and a flamingo for her delight and amusement. Baking had never been such fun! Knowing this, the saucepan rolled past at tremendous speed, gathering cricket players and ice cream cones for the village.

Now he'd seen it all. It was only a few days ago when he decided to move to the tree house behind the supermarket, but this was getting ridiculous. Farmers had been circling the eggs for centuries, but it was never enough. She laughed at the thought of it, and then tripped on her shoe laces, tumbling head first into the open mouth of a passing crocodile. This was not a good day.

Pork had been off the menu for about half an hour now, and the badgers were not happy. Not happy at all! They'd styled their clothing to match the occasion, and had never been so insulted in their whole lives. Crayons would not do any good this time.

Mountains suddenly appeared on the horizon. A cloud or two followed suit, morphing from one shape to the next. The ladybird who lived under the bridge boiled the kettle for the third time that minute. He was expecting an invite, but all he got was a look of disdain and some clogs from his grandmother. These were of no use to him, since his feet had melted in the Great Storm of 1982.

Running over the surface was a beautiful peacock, nestled amongst the ugliest ogre that had ever lived, and a slice of cake. It wasn't the nicest place to be, but it could have been worse. It had been contemplating everything so deeply of late - life, meaning, planets, tin foil, electricity, sand, leather, couches... you name it. There had been no conclusions made, just the obscene realisation that stuff just was. It would always just be.

Crepe paper hadn't been a source of much vegetation lately either, but things were about to change. It seemed like the weather would finally be on his side, bringing crisps and good fortune in piles. Lumps of gravity escalated into a frenzy as the tide whipped a froth onto the water. It shook violently as the cabbage rattled loudly. A musical treat ensued, fluttering in and out of everyone's ears like the giant flute had intended. It was malnourished beyond recognition, but this did nothing to deter the hoards of plankton gnawing at the source. It really hurt.

Just over there, a field wobbled, nudging forth at least twelve hundred and eighty seven stalagmites. They were vivid and shimmery, just the way he had hoped. Some were striped like zebras; others were paint-your-own kits, including glitter glue! This meant that even the most ridiculous of plums could achieve a greater level of understanding, clarity and mischief. What joy!

Her monkey was the first on the scene. He'd bought a packed lunch, so all was good in that respect, but he'd forgotten to bring any batteries. This wouldn't have been a problem if the hurdy gurdy was solar powered, but - you guessed it - it was not. This is what started the war. It's how all wars start, actually. Such an easy thing to avoid, should you keep your head on your shoulders, some stickers in your pocket, and a wealth of information at the tips of your eyelashes. I know of at least half a person this applies to.

So before things started to boil too ferociously, the cat let his owner out of the bag for a few moments - just long enough to give him a taste of freedom before setting the wheels in motion for another bout of depression. The soup would not be going cold today.

Fog wasn't the most appropriate thing to show anyone at this stage, but it seemed entirely appealing and not something to be questioned by Prince Whaleface. So the fog was indeed displayed for all to view at their leisure, attracting flocks of sheep, people, more sheep, more people, two

more sheep, six more people (then one of the original flock of sheep went home to check he'd not left the oven on) before buying many more items.

At this point, I could not believe how ludicrous everything was. Even the guttering had eyeliner on! How was this possible? More to the point, why is that dog wearing flares? Only walnuts should be dressed in such fashionable attire.

Without a second thought, she untied the blue bow from her hair, and fastened it around her ankle. At least that would keep the black knight at bay, she thought. He'd been approaching her every time she left the house lately, offering pencil shavings, a picture of an eagle he'd fashioned out of dried pasta shells, and even one million pounds! In hindsight, she wished she'd accepted the money - then she could have purchased a better, more anatomically accurate pasta bird picture... possibly even one of an owl. But it was too late. She'd flung his senses into overdrive and there was no way of recouping the loss.

That was never going to be a good outcome, thought the balaclava as it unravelled itself once again. Balls of wool may have been worth a pretty penny in the good old days, but now? No. Not now. Now they were cleaner than a whistle, but quieter, and less annoying - which you'd have thought would make them more appealing actually. But, again, no. Not now. You could buy four of them for less than the price of a ticket to the windmill factory, and everyone knew that was the least appealing place to visit within a fourteen mile radius of the cloves. Even brie couldn't make the place any more attractive, and that was saying something. The gift shop did have a nice way with words, and each time the fireman was in the area he bought one of those delightful coloured pencil sticks that contain all the colour of the rainbow simultaneously, just to show willing. Yet each year, he simply returned with the empty case, expecting it to be refilled without payment. This was honoured on occasion, but if he were to do it again, Melody had decided she was going to offer him her fist, or some candyfloss - whichever he preferred.

Although the fair had been in town for a little over six years, that weird man who liked hats a little too much had never been. Unless you count that time he went. Or the other ones. In which case, he was a regular fair-goer. But that's not the way it would be interpreted by the police.

Amazing things were showing up on the pie chart. Things that could never have been predicted. The best part was that it had been printed using metallic ink, so it shone like a beacon when the sun hit it. That was worth so much money down town. Way more than the cost of living would suggest. The data contained within had just one purpose - to delight and amuse itself for at least 23 hours of the day. It intended to sleep on the Sabbath hour, but the constant peck-peckery of the local woodpecker put pay to this idea.

Within each of the photo frames stood a pelican. There was no reason for this, but no reason for it not to stand in such a fashion, such a location, or such a manner. That's what solidified the occurrence in the mind of the pay cheque. If it hadn't have been for the frosting, things would have no doubt been very different.

The light flooded into the cavity, illuminating all four legs of the donkey simultaneously, making him self conscious on an otherworldly level. His name was Martin, but it hadn't always been this way. He'd been known for his eloquence long before his birthday, even though he'd fought off the nastiest of colds. He was a fighter, there was no denying it. But light up legs? What did that even mean? An entire universe flashed up in his pupils, startling the pilchard who had only just woken up. He began to cry softly, wishing beyond all hope that he could only win the lottery and get out of this situation before it was too late.

So for the rest of the day, we all sat in one single chair. A big pile of us. There had been many other seats in the room, this much was true. But where's the fun in that? Chairs such as this one were just asking to be piled into - even if there were more of us than it could comfortably handle. We were all comfortable though, so that's all that really mattered.

It had been unfortunate that he'd not arrived before the curtains had opened, but it couldn't have been helped. This is what happens when you don't wind your watch up fast enough. You spend the night in a police cell, wondering where it all went wrong, how you managed to spend all

seventeen of your loyalty card points in one single transaction, and if you would ever be able to grow a 'proper' moustache. These were the questions of life, the questions on everybody's minds, should they have the guts to admit it. They were questions that could only be answered when upside down, for example... or perhaps sat on the roof of a bus as it passed under a bridge that was lower than the bus was high.

Insanity sure was a strong point on the horizon. Long limbs stretched for miles, and canyons opened up each time anyone took a breath, which was way more often than that really nice teddy bear would have liked. It made him uncomfortable.

A quantum particle and his friend were listening in, without the carving having any knowledge of the situation. Had he have known, he most certainly wouldn't have disclosed the meaning of life. He'd been talking out loud to himself again - a fact that was beyond denial, but highly spontaneous and horrific - so if he'd have been able to control this urge the beans would not have been spilled. As luck would have it, these were runner beans, not baked ones, so the cleanup process was nothing short of a miracle, but that's beside the seaside... beside the sea.

The interior of her brain was ornamental. Jewels and gold dripped from each curve, yet the circuitry was dry. Not a thought in sight. A solitary fleck of paint wafted in on the breeze, knocking over a vase. They all gasped in horror as it smashed into a thousand pieces, then ultimately whittled down into dust. Nobody wanted to clear it up, so it lived there now. Only a rug the size of Africa could cover this mess!

That was about all he could handle. The fact the watermelon was even available for purchase was just plain insulting. That had not been in the instructions.

Even though it was still light outside, eleven grapes had wormed their way into the building, throwing litter and jet packs at anyone who challenged them. This was becoming something of a habit now. Somebody needed to do something about this before it was too late. A feeling of de ja vu tickled the offspring so intensely that each of them shuddered and ordered some new clothes from the catalogue. Nobody knew why.

As if that wasn't enough, milk started pouring through the ceiling. The light fixtures became sodden and they spat out the liquid onto the floor. The ducks would soon be here. We could already hear them approaching.

Not once, but twice. That's how many times is more than one, but less than three. That was what he'd told her anyway, when she asked what the answer to number four had been. She was concerned by his response - she was expecting something more along the lines of 'the equator' - yet she accepted it graciously and made him a celebratory plasticine fanfare. He trod on it immediately, not wanting to show how much he liked it, then immediately burst into song.

The fields really did need watering now. It could wait not a moment longer. The soil was the colour of a slice of Battenberg, and it was a long time since anyone had walked past.

So, for the next hour or three, the chain just clanked and clinked... clinked and clanked. A strong enough breeze was almost necessary, but willpower alone had a large bearing on things. This was the way it had always been, and no doubt how it always would be! At least until they could entice the gorilla into the complex, that is. That would set the wheels in motion for an enormous upheaval... the kind you'd only expect to see when you'd bought enough supplies for everyone, not just the neighbours.

Moonlight danced off the surface of the moon as it folded in on itself, reflecting everything it ever knew back on to itself for no reason other than it 'could'. So it 'did'.

Machinery had been widely available for purchase, so it seemed right that today would be the day. There were only two sets of twins this time, so the outcome was irrelevant, but interesting none the less. Carpet had been laid, the plants had been put in place, and the invites had been stapled to the fountain, so all was welcome. All that was needed now was some chicken nuggets and the entertainment for the evening. This would most likely be a balloon animal who folded people into shapes, but this was yet to be confirmed. He'd been fully booked each time the marsupial

checked the website, so it was a case of keeping everything crossed from now on. An excellent result was surely required?

The gravy had been watered down beyond recognition, and the guests were becoming frantic. Partitions between desks were virtually translucent, and this allowed for excellent viewing, but terrible productivity. *Why aren't you watching the news?*, shouted all the ants. They'd never seen such ludicrous behaviour from a team of well-meaning statues.

Although there was plenty of tape used, the cardboard boxes *still* kept popping open! It was really annoying, and no matter how tightly I crammed the soup into them, they burst forth time and again, spewing my ideas into the galaxy and beyond. This was not the time to show off, and I wished they'd behave a little more 'ladylike'. I'd been wishing this for longer than I care to say.

He was well aware that he didn't have enough flavours to please everyone, but that wasn't even why he was crying. It was because, apparently, he'd only just found out that slugs don't have multiple legs that they walk along on, and the news disturbed him greatly. His whole life had been a lie, and he wondered what else had been kept from him. The flavour situation was just the straw that broke the camel's back, which in itself was a bonus as it meant that at least the camel would not need any of his flavourful produce due to the fact he was now in hospital, waiting for his back to heal. However, catching himself delighting in the camels misery hit him hard, and made the tears increase, cancelling out the benefit that had once been in place. Tissues would be needed in large quantities.

It was getting more blustery with each witch that flew past, so it was high time the tables were turned. Eating the sun had not been David's best idea, and he'd had many. Creases of disapproval appeared on the surface of the pond, and the Heaven's opened. Down fell the curtain, proving that the show was over. The audience hadn't even sat down yet, and some had ordered popcorn. Others wore popcorn coloured clothing, and one beautiful lady had even made a gigantic popcorn fancy dress outfit for the occasion. She'd been refused entry by the surly bouncers though, so this information is neither relevant, nor correct.

All four siblings had the nerve to cartwheel around the perimeter. Nobody had anticipated what happened next. It involved some spectacular flamboyance. Without a moment's hesitation, the two sisters collided mid-air, sending jewellery and strands of hair hurtling towards the spectators. An enormous explosion was heard all the way into the next country, and those who were close by lost their hearing, sight, any and all competitions they entered for the next twelve years, and their pride. The brothers looked on in silence, choosing not to do any more cartwheels themselves. They rolled their doubled-up, single-entity sister home with a stick, as if they/she were a hula hoop, and put her in the garage to defrost.

An open ended question was on everybody's lips. Not one person had attempted to wipe it off.

Only a glue gun would have the audacity to stroll into the venue unaccompanied. And that is exactly what happened. Some words were written on the wall in green ink, but they made not a jot of sense to the non-French speaking community. They made no sense to the French speaking ones either, but that was why they were there. Confusion was in abundance, and it pleased her greatly.

A strange foreshortening effect had washed over the arena, creating tiny bubbles of atmosphere behind the doors. Even without glasses, it looked like a library full of information about foam shrimp. It really was a sight to behold.

Around the edges were the most intricate, bountiful slivers of grit. They swayed in the breeze and invited the onlooker to participate. Some chose not to, but that was OK. It was not their time, and they all knew it. But for others, it was a welcome treat - one they'd waited a long time to experience. Carrying on for what seemed like years (but was, in reality, just three seconds), the new group held hands and began to chant.

As the ice began to melt, an eerie dewdrop formed on the underside of a table. Sturdy, yet sodden, the table leant to the side to let the parade past.

Moving forwards, it became clear that something must be done. He'd never seen around the other side of the kitchen, let alone Jupiter, so the hounds must be released. The door flew open, and there stood what can only be described as 'The Queen'... because it was, and I'm not a liar. She passed her crown to the salmon, but the salmon was too dry. More time would be needed to figure out how to resolve this particular conflict!

The meat was divided into equal portions amongst the travellers. Verity, the class clown's mother, was not happy with her just desserts. She carved an intricate, alarmingly excellent graphic of a woodlouse into the marbled edge of the clock, allowing only Julian to look at it. It hadn't been a worthwhile endeavour, for the look on his face said '*OK, but are you going to eat that stapler?!*' She threw a few pinecones at him, but it was no use. The damage had been done.

Underneath the fridge there lived a cornflake. She'd been visited by a few bugs over the years, but nothing compared to the crunchy nut cluster who'd teased her with his presence for just 4 seconds. In that time, she'd fallen in love with him. But when the fifth second arrived, he'd been plucked skywards and devoured by the lady who dropped him initially, safely within the timeframe for the 'five second rule' to ensure he was not yet poisonous. The cornflake was heartbroken. If only she'd have landed a few centimetres further forwards, perhaps she would have remained within reach too, and would have not spent the last four months dusting up into oblivion like the forgotten soul she inevitably was.

It wasn't long before they began to argue again. Smoke billowed out of the watering can as the emotions bubbled into an alarming abundance. Creating flowers was all that she'd ever wanted to do, but he'd taken things way too literally and had not allowed her to own enough scarves for what she had in mind. This was treacherous and unfair.

Taking all things into consideration, it hadn't been the loudest of concepts. A few tweaks around the edges, and it would have looked better than most pie crusts, just without the weird blackbird chimney thing.

She sniggered at the off cuts. They looked so silly, sitting there in the bin, slumped up against the walls like a frog in a blender! She was only ninety seven, but she already knew the value of an awkward silence, and not a day went by without her exercising her right to bear arms.

Cherries were all the rage in those days. They were everywhere! You couldn't open your glove compartment without a few tumbling out, but this was not OK.

It took an awfully long time for the cracks to smooth over, once it'd happened. It wasn't uncommon for a cluster of robins to form around the opening, but this wasn't guaranteed. It all boiled down to pot luck really.

I'd not thought too deeply about that stain up until now, but in hindsight I'd guess it had something to do with the novelty sunglasses. Quite what, I could not specify - nor did I want to - but it was a question I'd been asked more times than I have fingers and toes to count on. It's all very well them saying '*you can count on me*', but what happens when the thing I'm counting is more than twenty? What then? I can't exactly ask the postman if I can borrow his digits to add to the equation, can I? Or *can* I? I don't understand these kinds of things, as I am a mere cockle. Please do me a favour and write a manual for me so that I can proceed with the stuff that dreams are made of. I fear that if you don't, I will never uncover the truth. That would be a disaster, a *disaster*, I tell you!

Captain Sugar was the least of Bernardo's worries now. He'd been tied up with chores and rope for a large part of the week, and things had been tricky to get organised. Sickly-sweet ravens had been pecking everything he tried to accomplish, and he'd run out of patience now.

Simply blowing on it was not an option. No. This would take a lot more effort, if it was to be cleared up efficiently, like the proud toad would have wanted. Even with a wispy fringe, the belt was not tight enough. He feared he'd be forced to sell his beloved rocking horse, Neigh Neigh, but this was an outcome that even the gnomes would not be happy about.

The plan had been put into place. Carrying the enormous weight would only be possible with the aid of some celery, so this is what was going to happen.

His t-shirt still wasn't clean. He'd washed it so many times that it was now too small for even a mouse, but the style was just so unashamedly glaring that to throw it to the lions would be an outrage. Armed with this knowledge, he persuaded the mouse from earlier to nibble two additional holes into the t-shirt - one underneath each current arm hole - creating the plain, cotton equivalent of Michael Jackson's infamous glove. Although he was sad to no longer have the option to wear his beloved t-shirt, he now had an awesome go-to fancy dress costume accessory, which he (and everyone else in the room and behind the bushes) knew intuitively that he would wear every single day, regardless of whether or not he'd be attending a fancy dress party. Hell, he'd even pretend he was *at* a fancy dress party 24/7 - anything to justify wearing this sweet new item.

She checked the word count, and was disappointed to see that she was still only twelve pages in to a five hundred page document. With a sigh, she went and got her tea out of the oven before it caught fire. That may have improved the flavour of her bog standard culinary skills, but the neighbours would not have appreciated a flame grilled communal building.

Emotion flowed from every orifice, persuading the beetles to gravitate towards the ice rink. Had it not been for this day, the nightmare would have continued well into the atmosphere.

Some ironing had been done, but there was still a full basket of apples to tend to. Only a miracle would supply enough vegetation in order to successfully disguise the crop within the elements. Fortunately, dancing was a strong skill of his, and this meant that the days would turn into nights without a care in the world. Praying was unnecessary. The deed had already been done, and he felt it as strongly as the wind. My insides spasmed with every beat of his heart, and I felt the orange juice cooling down sufficiently. It was a pleasure to behold, and one that had been on the cards for a long time.

It was the Age of Aquarius, but that did not mean that the river had any less importance than the pleated skirt. It was simply a matter of opinion.

Jumping to an incorrect conclusion, the elk made a sweeping statement relating to the need for pigeons, which did not go down well within society. Outspoken individuals had, in the past, been chiselled away until they could no longer hold up the weight of a turkey with one hand. Nowadays, however, a more gentle, pleasing approach was incorporated into the daily rituals of the village folk. It involved as many forks as deemed necessary by the size of the storm. Four should be enough this time, but there has been up to eight in the past.

As the fortune cookie split open, a till receipt fluttered to the ground, finally free from its delicious, crumbly prison. It spoke the language of a shopping list, but in numerical form, so was difficult to decipher. That said, the data it contained would be a valuable source of income for those who travelled through the location in the years which followed.

She just could not sit still. That greyhound had really offended her - even more so than her nickname of 'Spongy'. It would be a very long day if she could not find a way to release the pressure without splitting the seams of her pinafore.

A hole in the wilderness was the only thing that remained of the original set-up. Goats could enter at their will, but this was not encouraged by the rest of the school. Only the weak would survive. Pulling threads from the hems of their jackets kept them youthful, but it was not a long term solution. A much healthier approach would be to sound the horn, should it be presented by the fluffy opportunity. An excellent adventure was on the cards, but it would take a fair bit of time for the envelope to arrive, and nobody had the patience or the inclination to cater to such a beastly relic. Eating straight from the packet seemed like a more likely outcome, but everybody knew that the matron would see red if she knew this was happening. They pulled out their socks and prepared for the winter the best they could, anticipating stereotypes, but hoping for melancholy.

The stack of paper was growing really high by this point. It wouldn't take a genius to work out the square root of a jar of whelks, but the marzipan wasn't going to last much longer. Time was not on their side.

For the most part, it felt like jelly. Swarms of bees would rush in, and the clouds would show their true colours at the slightest hint of bacon, but other than that the view was perfect. Perhaps

the addition of a couple of moons would have lightened the atmosphere, but that was only to be a luxury, not something of a fact. The more they considered it, the fruitier the air smelt.

Unicorns had heard about this place, and they wanted in on the action. The clomping of their hoofs was muffled by the fact they were wearing slippers, so not even the King knew of their approach. In a sudden, downwards spiral, they engulfed the city, smothering the pavement in sparkling dust. Almost immediately, the lawn needed cutting, but there was nobody around to take on such a herculean task. What a shame! The grass would be as high as a kite in minutes, and then where would the goblins live? It was a disaster waiting to happen, and one which had not been covered in a single history lesson by any of the schools in the area.

As luck would have it, somebody relatively local owned a Soda Stream. Good. Now *everything* could have bubbles! The Soda Stream took no prisoners. She carbonated her way into the record books for the bubbliest personality on the planet, winning her the adoration of a disappointingly small number of ornaments, and only one marker pen. Other than that, every single person in the universe, including all the aliens John said existed, followed her on Twitter within twenty four hours, breaking the internet in one sitting. Everyone, that is, apart from Trudy. She lived next door and ate cats for a living. She was extremely hard to impress - and even harder to carbonate, it turns out.

The next program was about to start, so Mrs. I. Ball made herself a warm cup of leaves and settled down for the viewing. This was the show that ruined her life, and she couldn't wait to see it!

A mountain of paperwork had piled up without anybody noticing. There were very few words left in existence, so a rubbish impression of a loose cannon seemed like the only thing left to attempt. This is never an easy task when you're nothing short of a single mole though.

For what it's worth, the crayon was a nice shade of yellow. Like lemon, but a little bit more splendid. It made his mouth water at the sight of it.

Not wanting to discourage anyone from their business, she walked around the block a few times to get the feel for things. *Is this how it was supposed to look?* she asked herself in a language she'd never heard before. She did not respond, as she'd not understood the question, but she misinterpreted her response as being rude and so fell out with herself immediately. Walking around the block helped to calm her rising anger, so the situation had a fortunate happening. Turning the pencil sharpener over and over in her left hand, she realised that the only way to account for the misgivings would be to ride a horse - perhaps even more than one - until the answer came to her in a dream. It seemed so far out of reach, yet deep down she knew that it was entirely possible, just so long as she kept an open mind.

Not sticking to the script, he announced to the entire audience that he preferred tea to coffee. The auditorium buzzed with offended gasps and a few wasps. Some people left. One person actually arrived. He was a latecomer who'd been waiting for a suitable moment to gain entry, but as luck would have it he was a tea-lover, so it looked like he'd entered for this very reason, in support of the unlikely result of the impromptu Beverage Debate. Coffee flowed down the walls in protest, washing the panto-horse-clad actor (and his rear end counterpart) out of the building and onto the streets. It was only out here, in the glare of the headlights, that he saw the error of his ways.

He was travelling way faster than his lungs could take. More and more mousse was appearing under his wings, and that was *not* what he'd wanted from the excursion.

The pioneering surgery lasted around six hours, during which time the surgeon managed to binge watch five episodes of his latest TV obsession. The fact that his wrist watch was now inside the patient (who also now had a nose stitched in place of his navel) was irrelevant. That's what the surgeon told the court, anyway. The patient's family had other ideas. They'd have let him off, but he didn't shout the customary '*SPOILER ALERT!*' before letting slip the details of episode four's cliff-hanger.

Some mayonnaise had collected in the bottom of the bucket, but nobody knew why. Had it been there all along, but had gone undetected?

Having an extra string on his guitar did nothing to improve the quality of the notes which sprung forth with each strum. He'd played since he was young, but it had always sounded like a fox

being trodden on. There had been no improvement in the slightest. If anything, he'd somehow gotten worse. It was as if he did it on purpose, perhaps in response to being forced into playing by his cousin, the Pied Piper, who wanted to start a band. If so, this worked to his advantage, because the Pied Piper's pipe had long since perished, and he'd not raised enough funds to purchase a new one yet. That said, it was common knowledge that high quality guitar playing brings all the girls to the yard, and his yard would remain forever empty if this was as good as the strumming would ever get. What a terrible dilemma - play well and attract all the ladies, but probably lose them again owing to the fact that he'd be in a geeky band with the Pied Piper... or stay band-free, but with an empty yard? He could just not bother playing at all and maybe try online dating, but he has trust issues.

I shook his hand to assert my authority, not realising I was agreeing to a fortnightly delivery of cabbage. Not just one cabbage, but an entire pallet containing at least twenty. Opening a greengrocer's was now my only option.

She frowned as the inexplicable smell of chocolate wafted past her nostrils, the origin of which was hidden from plain sight.

More than half of the tights had been missing since last week, and there were rumours of a more serious crime wave that was about to hit the town in its new outfit. Carrying dozens of pegs might help, but that would never reduce the severity to a more manageable quantity.

Even though the bagels were still deliciously fragrant, it wouldn't be long before someone told her they looked like swollen CDs, and this was not a sentence she wanted to acknowledge. She was extremely protective of her wares, regardless of their size, shape, taste or texture, so would go out of her way to ensure the fine treatment of anything she produced. Critiques were never beneficial, only mean and unnecessary attacks (in her eyes). Everybody knew this, yet very few people ever had the guts to challenge it. Those who tried ended up being introduced to a toaster. If she was having a particularly bad day, the toaster was replaced with a cardigan.

From this point on, she had all but run out of words, and so the copy and paste function shimmied tantalisingly into her consciousness. Any sane individual would have been concerned about the continuity of the plot when employing such a technique, but she was no ordinary writer. She spoke absolute nonsense. Without even editing past the odd spell-check here and there! So the 'plotline' was a non-existent entity in this sorry tale. And so, with this in mind (along with the notion of a cup of tea that she'd definitely earned), she rammed a plug into her wordy waterfall and allowed herself the luxury of repeating everything she'd written up until this point... but in a slightly different order so as not to make the margin have an obviously uniform edge. As I was saying...